THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 13, 1800.

Obſervations on the Diſpute concerning the Commencement of a new Century.

To the PRINTERS,

SIRS, *December* 30, 1799.

ON peruſing your little, though very uſeful pamphlet, of the preſent week, I obſerve one of your correſpondents is ſolicitous of viewing the reaſons which obtain with thoſe who are of opinion that a new century will commence on the enſuing firſt of January. I am one of that number; and will endeavour to point out to you, as briefly as I am able, why I am ſo; prompted by an inclination to gratify the wiſhes of your correſpondent, in addition to the circumſtance of my having neither ſeen nor heard the ſubject diſcuſſed in a ſimilar manner during the preſent debate on it.—When, the queſtion was firſt ſtarted, I, like moſt others, was of a different way of thinking. In order to be thoroughly ſatisfied, I determined to inveſtigate the matter more deeply, and this effected in me a total change of opinion.—It ſtruck me, could I once aſcertain whether our preſent chronological method of dating were of the *cardinal* or *ordinal* kind, for inſtance, whether the 1800 ſignified years *complete*, (as when a boy is ſaid to be one, two, or three years old, even though his age might have exceeded either of thoſe periods by ſeveral months,) or only a time *current*, and *not complete*, (as adopted by the French in their preſent

mode of dating by the firſt, ſecond, or third year of their republic;] this point once clearly underſtood, would, I thought, tend very much to ſettle the weighty diſpute.—We calculate from the birth of Chriſt. Let us then look into the Goſpel of St. Luke (ch. ii. ver. 42), and we ſhall find that our Saviour *was twelve years old* when he accompanied his parents to Jeruſalem. Now refer to a chronological table of events, and it will appear that his interrogation of the doctors in the Temple (which happened ſome time after his arrival in that city) is recorded under the date of *Anno Domini* 12. If then our Saviour, in *An. Dom.* 12, was twelve years old—ſuppoſing him to have continued here ſo long, would he not have been in *An. Dom.* 1800, by parity of reaſoning, 1800 years old? conſequently in his 1801ſt year.—Our numbers are then cardinal: And hence I infer, that on the enſuing 1ſt of January, 1800 years will have elapſed from the birth of our Saviour.—Apply this to centuries: Eighteen will have then been completed; and from the inſtant of their completion, we enter on a new one, the 19th.

Whilſt this method of calculation ſtrikes me as concluſive, it may appear, perhaps, to you, totally inaccurate. If ſo, you ſhall have to regret only the time loſt in reading it; if otherwiſe, by favouring your correſpondent with it, I ſhall enjoy the ſatisfaction of having contributed to the amuſement of a fellow being.

Your's, &c. &c.

J. E.

Memorandum of Thomſon, the Poet, collected from Mr. William Taylor, formerly a Barber and Peruke-maker, at Richmond, Surry—now blind. September, 1791.

[Communicated by the Earl of Buchan.]

Q. MR. TAYLOR, do you remember any thing of Thomſon, who lived in Kew-lane ſome years ago?——Thomſon.

Q. Thomſon, the poet?—Aye, very well. I have taken him by the noſe many hundred times. I ſhaved him, I believe, ſeven or eight years, or more; he had a face as long as a horſe; and he ſweat ſo much, that I remember, after walking one day in ſummer, I ſhaved his head without lather by his own deſire. His hair was as ſoft as a camel's—I hardly ever

ever felt ſuch; and yet it grew ſo remarkably, that if it was but an inch long, it ſtood upright an end from his head like a bruſh.—[Mr. Robertſon* confirmed this remark.]

Q. His perſon, I am told, was large and clumſy?—Yes; he was pretty corpulent, and ſtooped forward rather when he walked, as though he was full of thought; he was very careleſs and negligent about his dreſs, and wore his clothes remarkably plain. [Mr. Robertſon, when I read this to him, ſaid, "He was clean and yet ſlovenly, he ſtooped a good deal."]

Q. Did he always wear a wig?—Always in my memory, and very extravagant he was with them. I have ſeen a dozen at a time hanging up in my maſter's ſhop, and all of them ſo big that nobody elſe could wear them. I ſuppoſe his ſweating to ſuch a degree made him have ſo many, for I have known him ſpoil a new one only in walking from London.

Q. He was a great walker, I believe?—Yes; he uſed to walk from Malloch's at Strand on the Green near Kew Bridge, and from London, at all hours in the night; he ſeldom liked to go in a carriage, and I never ſaw him on horſeback. I believe he was too fearful to ride.—[Mr. Robertſon ſaid, he could not bear to get upon a horſe.]

Q. Had he a Scotch accent?—Very broad—he always called me *Wull*.

Q. Did you know any of his relations?—Yes; he had two nephews [couſins?] Andrew and Gilbert Thomſon, both gardeners, who were much with him. Andrew uſed to work in his garden and keep it in order at over hours; he died at Richmond, about eleven years ago, of a cancer in his face. Gilbert, his brother, lived at Eaſt Sheen with one 'Squire Taylor, till he fell out of a mulberry tree and was killed.

Q. Did Thomſon keep much company?—Yes; a good deal of the *writing-ſort*. I remember Pope, and Paterſon, and Malloch, and Lyttleton, and Dr. Armſtrong, and Andrew Millar the bookſeller, who had a houſe near Thomſon's in Kew-lane. Mr. Robertſon could tell you more about them.

Q. Did Pope often viſit him?—Very often; he uſed to wear a light-coloured great coat, and commonly kept it on in the houſe; he was a ſtrange ill-formed little figure of a man; but I have heard him and Quin, and Paterſon, talk together ſo at Thomſon's, that I could have liſtened to them for ever.

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Q. Quin was frequently there, I ſuppoſe?—Yes; Mrs. Hobart, his houſekeeper, often wiſhed Quin dead, he made her maſter drink ſo. I have ſeen him and Quin coming from the Caſtle together at four o'clock in a morning, and not over ſober you may be ſure. When he was writing in his own houſe, he frequently ſat with a bowl of punch before him, and that a good large one too.

Q. Did he ſit much in his garden?—Yes; he had an arbour at the end of it, where he uſed to write in ſummer time. I have known him lie along by himſelf upon the graſs near it, and talk away as though three or four people were along with him.—[This might probably be when he was reciting his own compoſitions.]

Q. Did you ever ſee any of his writing?—I was once tempted, I remember, to take a peep; his papers uſed to lie in a looſe pile upon the table in his ſtudy, and I had longed for a look at them a good while; So one morning while I was waiting in the room to ſhave him, and he was longer than uſual before he came down, I ſlipped off the top ſheet of paper and expected to find ſomething very curious, but I could make nothing of it. I could not even read it, for the letters looked like all in one.

Q. He was very affable in his manner?—O yes! he had no pride; he was very free in his converſation and very cheerful, and one of the beſt natured men that ever lived.

Q. He ſeldom was much burthened with caſh?—No; to be ſure he was deuced long-winded; but when he had money, he would ſend for his creditors and pay them all round; he has paid my maſter between twenty and thirty pounds at a time.

Q. You did not keep a ſhop yourſelf then at that time?—No, Sir; I lived with one Lander here for twenty years, and it was while I was 'prentice and journeyman with him that I uſed to wait on Mr. Thomſon. Lander made his majors and bobs, and a perſon of the name of Taylor in Craven-ſtreet in the Strand made his tie-wigs. An excellent cuſtomer he was to both.

Q. Did you dreſs any of his viſitors?—Yes; Quin and Lyttleton, Sir *George* I think he was called.—*He* was ſo tender-faced I remember, and ſo deviliſh difficult to ſhave, that none of the men in the ſhop dared to venture on him except myſelf. I have often taken Quin by the noſe too, which required ſome courage let me tell you. One day he aſked particularly if the razor was in good order, proteſted he had as many barbers' ears in his parlour at home, as any boy had

of

of bird's eggs on a ſtring, and ſwore, if I did not ſhave him ſmoothly, he would add mine to the number. "Ah," ſaid Thomſon, "Wull ſhaves very well, I aſſure you."

Q. You have ſeen the Seaſons, I ſuppoſe?—Yes, Sir; and once had a great deal of them by heart (he here quoted a paſſage from Spring). Shepherd, who formerly kept the Caſtle Inn, ſhewed me a book of Thomſon's writing, which was about the rebellion in 1745, and ſet to muſic, but I think he told me not publiſhed. [I mentioned this to Mr. Robertſon, but he thought Taylor had made a ſmall miſtake; perhaps it might be ſome of the patriotic ſongs in the maſque of Alfred.]

Q. The cauſe of his death is ſaid to have been taking a boat from Kew to Richmond, when he was much heated by walking?—No; I believe he got the better of that; but having had a batch of drinking with Quin, he took a quantity of cremor-tartar, as he frequently did on ſuch occaſions, which with a fever before carried him off. [Mr. Robertſon did not aſſent to this.]

Q. He lived I think in Kew Foot-Lane?—Yes; and died there; at the furtheſt houſe next Richmond Gardens, now Mr. Boſcawen's. He lived ſometime before at a ſmaller one higher up, inhabited by Mrs. Davis.

Q. Did you attend on him to the laſt?—Sir, I ſhaved him the very day before his death; he was very weak, but made a ſhift to ſit up in bed. I aſked him how he found himſelf that morning,—"Ah, Wull," he replied, "I am very bad indeed." [Mr. Robertſon told me, he ordered this operation himſelf as a refreſhment to his friend.]

Taylor concluded by giving a hearty encomium on his character.

This converſation took place at one of the alcoves on Richmond Green, where I accidentally dropped in. I afterwards found it was a rural rendezvous for a ſet of old invalids on nature's infirm liſt; who met there every afternoon in fine weather, to recount and comment on the "tale of other times."

I inquired after Lander, and Mrs. Hobart, and Taylor of Craven-ſtreet, but found that none of them were ſurviving. Mrs. Hobart was thought to have a daughter married in the town called Egerton; but it was not likely from the diſtance of time, that ſhe could impart any thing new.

Taylor told me the late Dr. Dodd had applied to him ſeveral years ago for anecdotes and information relative to Thomſon.

Park

Park Egerton, the bookſeller, near Whitehall, tells me, that when Thomſon firſt came to London, he took up his abode with his predeceſſor Millan, and finiſhed his poem of Winter in the apartment over the ſhop; that Millan printed it for him, and it remained on his ſhelves a long time unnoticed; but after Thomſon began to gain ſome reputation as a poet, he either went himſelf, or was taken by Mallet, to Millar in the Strand, with whom he entered into new engagements for printing his works, which ſo much incenſed Millan, his firſt patron, and his countryman alſo, that they never afterwards were cordially reconciled, although Lord Lyttelton took uncommon pains to mediate between them.

Remarkable Inſtances of the ſuperior Intelligence which the Jeſuits were always ſolicitous to obtain.

IT is not perhaps generally known, that this celebrated order took its riſe in the quarries of Montmatre, at Paris; whither Loyola uſed to retire with four or five of his followers to pray, and where they took their firſt vows. Loyola took at firſt the name of the Knight Errant of the Virgin Mary, and came to Paris, at the age of thirty-three, to learn Latin at the college of St. Barbe, where he ſuffered himſelf to undergo the ſame diſcipline that the loweſt boys in a ſchool undergo.—This inſtitution was approved by Paul III. in 1540. The general was the ſoul and the centre of it. The provincial generals wrote to him every month; the rectors, the ſuperiors of houſes for the profeſſed, for the noviciates, and thoſe of the colleges, wrote to him every three months; and thoſe beyond the ſea as often as the convenience of ſending by ſhips permitted them. Every three years the general of the order received the catalogues of each province, containing the names of each monk, his underſtanding, his talents, his good and bad qualities. All of them were employed in a manner ſuitable to their diſpoſitions and capacities. This regulation has contributed very much to form the great men that were ſeen in their order.

"With the deſigns of Kings, the ſecrets of courts, of ſocieties, and of particular families, with every thing, in fact, that related to this world," ſays a French writer, "they became acquainted by means of agents, who roufed no ſuſpicion, who were devoted to them, and who were known only to a ſet of the heads of the order. A circumſtance," adds

he, " very little known to people in general, and which has been often confirmed to me by many reſpectable perſons who did not contribute a little to their deſtruction in France."

The late Duke of Choiſeul, then Count Stainville, having no employ in the government of France, happened one evening at ſupper to ſay ſomething very ſtrong againſt the Jeſuits. Some years afterward he was ſent Ambaſſador to Rome, where, in the uſual routine of his viſits in that ſituation, he called upon the general of the Jeſuits, for whoſe order he profeſſed the higheſt veneration.—" Your Excellency did not always, I fear, think ſo well of us," replied the general. The Duke, much ſurpriſed at this obſervation, begged to know " what reaſons he had for thinking ſo, as he was not conſcious that he had ever mentioned the order, but in terms of the higheſt reſpect." The general, to convince him of the contrary, ſhewed him an extract from a large regiſter book belonging to the ſociety, in which the particular converſation alluded to, and the day and year in which it happened, were minuted down. The Ambaſſador bluſhed, and excuſed himſelf as well as he could; and ſoon went away, reſolving within himſelf, whenever he ſhould become prime miniſter, to deſtroy a ſociety that kept up ſuch particular and detailed correſpondences, of which it might make uſe to the detriment of adminiſtration and government.

Of the ſuperior intelligence that prevailed among the order of the Jeſuits, the following anecdote has been often mentioned by an Engliſh gentleman in Lincolnſhire: " He had reſided ſome time in Portugal, and was at dinner at the Engliſh Miniſter's, when he was called out of the parlour by a perſon who inſiſted upon ſpeaking to him, and who told him, with great earneſtneſs, and in a tone of voice not to be counterfeited, " You muſt fly this country immediately, and get on board a ſhip bound for England. I have very cogent reaſons for giving you this advice, which I cannot give you now; but I hope, from the bottom of my heart, you will follow my advice." The gentleman did as he was deſired; and many years afterward, walking in the ſtreets of Wiſbech, in the Iſle of Ely, he obſerved a butcher's ſervant dreſſing a calf, with the utmoſt niceneſs and dexterity. The butcher looked very earneſtly at him; and the gentleman ſaid to him, " I think I have ſeen your face before."—" So you have, Sir; and if you will go out of the high ſtreet into a private place, I will tell you where." The gentleman did as he was deſired, and was ſoon followed by the butcher; who ſaid, " Do not you remember, Sir, a perſon who gave

you

you ſome remarkable advice at Liſbon?—I am that perſon. You had ſaid ſomething againſt the Inquiſition of that city, and the officers of it were in ſearch of you; I gave you that notice in conſequence of ſome friendly office you did to one of my ſociety (that of the Jeſuits) at Rome. A kind action, any more than an unkind one, that is done to any of our order, is never forgotten, and we keep regiſters to record them."

Curious Scene in a Welch Fiſherman's Hut.

[From Pratt's Gleanings.]

IN South Wales we took ſhelter (ſays he) at a moſt miſerable looking hut, at the ſide of the heath, and accepted the protection it offered, with as entire good will, as if it had been an eaſtern palace. My horſe was obliged to crawl into a kind of out-houſe, where a ſwine-driver and his pigs had, the inſtant before, taken refuge; and, while I was reconciling my ſteed to this ſociety, a Jew pedlar and his pack, and another traveller with his dog, crouded in. Neceſſity, as Shakeſpeare ſays, brings one acquainted with ſtrange company—not that theſe are the words of that immortal bard—a being ſcarcely human in appearance, invited me to enter the hut. I entered. Its inhabitants——how ſhall I deſcribe them? Fancy ſomething which aſſembles the extremes of filth, penury, health, and felicity—perſonify theſe amongſt men, women, and children—give to each of them forms and features, which confer a ſort of grace and beauty, on the houſehold of the barber of Barmouth by compariſon. Put all this filth, penury, health, and felicity into motion; and having formed your groupe, imagine that you ſee it unſhod, unſtockinged, uncapped, and nearly unpetticoated, and unbreeched: Young and old were buſied in counting the fineſt and freſheſt herrings I ever ſaw, that inſtant brought in from the fiſhing-boat.

The father of the family to whom the boat belonged, declared he had never had ſo proſperous a voyage; and, though he was almoſt blown away, he could hazard twice as much danger for ſuch another drag. "Look what a ſize they *are of*; and how they ſhine, my boys and girls. I faith, they ſeemed plaguily afraid of the hurricane, and came in ſhoals to the nets, as if they took ſhelter in them—little thinking, poor fools, that this was a jump from the water to

the fire; and now I talk of that, here put half a dozen of them into the pan, for I am duced hungry, and mayhap this gentleman may be ſo too; and if ſo be that he is, he ſhall be as welcome to a freſh herring and a brown biſcuit as myſelf. What ſay you, my heart of oak," continued he, clapping me as familiarly on the ſhoulder, as if I had been his meſs-mate, and indeed treating me as hoſpitably as if I had been ſo, and we had both eſcaped from a wreck to his cabin.

Perceiving my dripping ſituation, he ſaid: "Come ſhip-mate, doff your jacket, put on this rug, come to an anchor in that corner, warm your ſhivering timbers with a drop of this dear creature, which will make a dead fiſh ſpeak like an orator—there—another ſwig—don't be afraid of it—one more—and now you will do while your rigging and canvaſs are drying." All this time, mine hoſt of the hovel ſtood in his ſea-drenched apparel; on my reminding him of which, he cried out, ſmilingly; "Ah! you are a freſh-water ſailor, I perceive, and would take a deal of ſeaſoning before you were good for any thing; but, for me, all winds and weathers are alike to old Jack, while I can get good fiſh abroad and good fleſh at home; ſo fry away, Molly, for the wet has made me as hungry as a ſhark, and though I have drank like a whale, I ſhall now eat like a lion—and I hope you will do the ſame, meſs-mate."

By this time, mine hoſteſs ſet before us our diſh of herrings, which, with oatmeal cakes, potatoes, and butter-milk, furniſhed one of the heartieſt dinners I ever ate: after which the ſailor made me partake of a cann of flip, ſung a ſong about the dangers and hardſhips of the ſeafaring life; and made me take notice, that he was the happy father of a cabin full of children, that I might ſee another was upon the ſtocks, and that if it pleaſed God to ſend him a dozen ſuch pieces of good fortune every year, for a dozen ſeaſons, he ſhould be as able as he was willing to procure a ſnug birth for every one; "and meantime, maſter, we will have another ſip of grog, to drink ſucceſs to the herring fiſhery."

GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS,

FOR DECEMBER, 1799.

AUSTRIA.

THE unaccountable conduct of this power, relative to the ſecret orders given to Generals Bellegarde and

Kray, excited general ſurprize and indignation, and ſufficiently characterized the wretched impolicy, and the diſhoneſt duplicity of the Aulic Council. But, in how much ſtronger a point of view are theſe diſplayed, when we conſider the ſudden retreat of the Archduke from Switzerland, at the very moment when the arrival of the Ruſſians rendered victory the certain conſequence of a battle, and at the *only* moment when it could have been attended with material prejudice to the arms of the allies, and have rendered the iſſue of the campaign a matter of doubt?

This event, too, took place, not after a ſeries of diſappointments calculated to diſcourage the troops, and to fill their leaders with diſmay, but after a ſucceſſion of victories, for their rapidity, extent, and importance, unequalled in the annals of war!—after all the ſtrong fortreſſes of Italy (which had coſt the French ſo much time and ſo much labour to ſubdue) had been recovered in the ſhort ſpace of ſix months (with a ſingle exception), and the enemy diſpoſſeſſed of all their ſtrong holds, and driven back to the very frontiers of their own territory! Such conduct is ſo truly incompatible with all the known principles of human action, is ſo hoſtile to the real intereſts of the Emperor, and is, at the ſame time, ſo irreconcileable with the imputed ambition of the Houſe of Auſtria, the gratification of which, if it really exiſts, muſt depend, not on defeat, but on a ſucceſſion of victories, that we ſhall not enter into a fruitleſs ſearch after its motive. Whatever be the cauſe, the effect muſt be deplored. It tends to excite diffidence, and to create diſguſt.

Previous to this extraordinary event, the conduct of Auſtria had been uniform, conſiſtent, and, in ſome reſpects, magnanimous. While forſaken by her continental allies, ſhe for ſome time ſupported, alone, the conteſt with France; and, during the preſent campaign, her exertions in every quarter, were ſuch as to leave no doubt of the ſincerity of her profeſſions. She had every reaſon to be ſatisfied with the conduct of her Ruſſian allies, to the invincible courage and matchleſs ſkill of whoſe commander, ſhe was indebted for the ſpeedy recovery of Italy. The ſudden change in her ſyſtem, then, appears the more extraordinary; while the treatment which the Ruſſians have received at her hands, in return for their ſervices, convicts her of the baſeſt ingratitude.

Thus we ſee this formidable power, with increaſed reſources and additional means for continuing the war with the faireſt proſpect of ſucceſs, evince a diſpoſition ſo perverſe,

as to baffle every attempt to aſcertain the line of conduct which ſhe means henceforth to purſue. If it be her intention to ſue for peace, ſhe will, no doubt, endeavour to obtain it, by the ſacrifice of the Auſtrian Netherlands, to the extention of her territory in Italy. If her offers be rejected, or if ſhe reſolve on purſuing the war without any previous attempt to conclude a peace, ſhe will, probably, be induced to render her conduct more conformable with the juſt and upright views of her Ruſſian ally, and to declare her adherence to the principles advanced in the public declaration of the Emperor Paul.

FRANCE.

In our laſt we gave a conciſe account of the circumſtances which attended the laſt unexpected revolution in France. It appears that Sieyes, in his diplomatic retreat at Berlin, had long ſince appreciated the defects in the republican ſyſtem, and reſolved, whenever an opportunity ſhould occur, to eſtabliſh a more effective, and, apparently, leſs objectionable government. With this view he accepted an oſtenſible and reſponſible ſituation, which he had invariably refuſed before, not doubting, from his knowledge of the men who were aſſociated with him in the Directory, that he ſhould ſpeedily acquire that complete aſcendancy that would enable him to carry into execution his favourite plan of reform. He very ſoon, however, perceived his miſtake; the active Jacobins prevailed; every Miniſter he propoſed was rejected; and he conſtantly found himſelf, in all leading queſtions, in a minority. This neither ſuited his diſpoſition nor ſquared with his views. But he had no other means of bringing his plan to ſucceed; unleſs he could engage in his intereſt ſome perſon who had an entire influence over the army. This conſideration, it is ſaid, led him to diſpatch orders to Egypt for the return of Buonaparte, though, of courſe, he was too cautious to apprize the Corſican marauder of the ſcheme in the execution of which he meant to employ him.

Meanwhile Barras, who had played a diſtinguiſhed part in all preceding revolutions, ſuſpecting, probably, that Sieyes had ſome grand project in view, reſolved to anticipate him, and abſolutely formed a plan for the reſtoration of monarchy. This plan, however, was diſcovered, and it was then, perhaps, that, in order to avert the vengeance which awaited him, and farther to court the protection of Buonaparte, that Barras propoſed to place the crown on *his* head. That a ſimilar propoſition was made we learn from one of Buona-

parte's own declarations; how it was received we may collect from his conduct, and from the subsequent retreat of Barras from the field of politics.

On Buonaparte's arrival at Paris, Sieyes first unfolded himself: A plan so gratifying to the vanity and ambition of the former could not fail to meet his approbation; it was accordingly resolved on, and a few hours sufficed to destroy a constitution, which every man in the country had solemnly sworn to maintain inviolate, and among the rest the very troops who were the active instruments of its destruction.—It is impossible to contemplate the varied events of the French revolution without shuddering at the extreme moral turpitude of the people, as evinced in their sovereign contempt of the sacred obligation of an oath. And in this respect, and, indeed, in every other, the troops have an indisputable claim to pre-eminence in profligacy, for they have not only been the first to violate oaths themselves, but have employed the terror of their arms to impel their countrymen to the commission of perjury. History scarcely exhibits an example of such systematic wickedness as has marked the conduct of the French army.

The Executive Directory had a perfect knowledge of the Jacobin character, and if Sieyes and Buonaparte had sate for the following picture, drawn in the month of March last, the likeness could not have been more striking. "Nothing can bring back to reason those perfidious or infane men who laugh at the most solemn engagements. They are ambitious, and attempt, by every method, to possess themselves once of the bloody sceptre of despotism.—They are stung with remorse, and dread to be consigned to punishment in every place where they do not predominate."

We have as yet had no opportunity of examining with attention the new French constitution of Citizen Sieyes. As far as we can judge from the rude outline which we have seen, it is the most fantastical of all the systems which the heads of these fantastical constitution-mongers have yet produced. The two circumstances which have appeared to us the most remarkable in this business are,—1. That the great architect himself still shrinks from the acceptance of any ostensible and responsible situation, contenting himself with a snug niche in his new Republican Conservatory, whence he may distribute to his Jacobin pupils, according to their deserts, suitable portions of his revolutionary *bon-bons*:—and 2. That the two secondary Consuls, who are to act as the Privy-Council of the great Consul (or Monarch) Buona-

parte,

parte, on giving their advice and aſſent to all public deeds, appear to be wholly exempt from the reſponſibility which ought to attach to ſuch ſituations, while the Miniſters are made reſponſible for all the meaſures of the executive government, though totally excluded from all kind of concern in their preparation or formation.—In any other country than France it would be very difficult to find men who would accept the office of Miniſter under ſuch circumſtances.—The only ſymptom of permanence which we can, at preſent, deſcry in this arrangement, is in the duration of the monarchial power aſſigned to Buonaparte.—Strange viciſſitude of human events! We have lived to ſee a King of Corſica confined for debt in a Britiſh priſon—and an obſcure Corſican adventurer inveſted with ſupreme power, in the antient kingdom of France!

RUSSIA.

The Emperor Paul, with many ſtriking peculiarities in his private conduct, which his enemies have not failed to diſtort into evident ſymptoms of mental imbecility, has diſplayed the ſtrongeſt marks of political wiſdom in all his public meaſures, connected with the preſent war. Viewing the conteſt in which we are engaged, not through the partial medium of intereſt or of fear, but in the ſteady glaſs of truth, preſenting the potent leſſons of experience, the unerring teſtimony of facts, he juſtly conſiders it as involving every religious, moral, ſocial, and political tie, which binds ſtate to ſtate, and man to man; and, as ſuch, the common cauſe of all ſovereigns. Once impreſſed with this idea, he reſolved that his exertions ſhould be as adequate to the exigency of the caſe as his reſources would permit them to be. All Europe has witneſſed the beneficial effects of theſe efforts, in the reſcue of Italy from the fangs of republican France.

TURKEY.

There is good reaſon to believe, that, but for the gallant conduct of Sir Sidney Smith, and his ſquadron, the ſpeedy reduction of Acre would have enabled Buonaparte to purſue, without moleſtation, his route to Conſtantinople, accompanied by an immenſe horde from the neighbouring countries, who wanted only this proof of his proweſs to believe in the infallibility of the infidel pontiff, to follow his ſtandard, and to render themſelves the blind inſtruments of his mad ambition. Will after-times believe, that an obſcure adventurer from the little iſland of Corſica, at the cloſe of the

the eighteenth century, with an army of only 40,000 men, had nearly eraſed the name of Turkey from the liſt of empires, and planted his regicidal banners on the walls of the Sultan's Seraglio? Will it be credited that this ſtupendous ruin was not prevented by the interpoſition of Turkiſh courage, by the reſiſtance of a Turkiſh force, but by a ſmall band of foreigners?—It will be only credited when the Turkiſh empire ſhall have ceaſed to exiſt.

Even now, when the French army is reduced, by climate, fatigue, and the ſword, to one-fifth of its original numbers, pent up in a diſtrict comparatively ſmall, and baſely deſerted by the author of all its calamities, it is ſtill ſuffered to exerciſe its ſway with impunity. The extreme tardineſs of the Grand Vizir in bringing his troops to the ſcene of action, indicates either a woeful deficiency of means, a groſs ignorance of the mode of applying them, or a ſhameful unwillingneſs to diſcharge his duty.—On contemplating the preſent ſtate of the Turkiſh empire, we can ſcarcely diſcover the fainteſt relic of thoſe martial myriads whoſe frantic valour erſt rendered the Creſcent triumphant o'er the Croſs; or even of the numerous bands who, at a nearer period, oppoſed, with undaunted firmneſs, though with varied ſucceſs, the formidable arms of Ruſſia and the empire. In ſhort, Turkey now exhibits to the eye the ſemblance of a Coloſſus, but to the mind the features of a dwarf.

ITALY.

Of the good diſpoſition of the Neapolitan Monarch, indebted to the army of the allies for his reſtoration to the throne, not a doubt can be entertained. Whatever his reſources may be, we may reſt aſſured they will be employed in their utmoſt extent, in earneſt ſupport of that cauſe to which he ſo recently fell a ſacrifice. But, alas! we had laſt year a woeful ſpecimen of the courage and conduct of the Neapolitan troops; if, when encouraged by the preſence of their Sovereign, and led by one of the beſt Generals which Europe can boaſt, they could turn their backs upon the foe, and violate their allegiance, what confidence can be repoſed in them in future? Mixed with foreign troops, they may, perhaps, be entruſted to garriſon ſome of the fortreſſes of Italy; but they muſt, we conceive, be much improved, both in ſpirit and diſcipline, ere they can be brought to face the enemy in the field. The moſt uſeful part of his Majeſty's ſubjects, conſidered merely in a military point of view, are, unqueſtionably the rude natives of Calabria; ſo far from

being deficient in ſpirit, their courage borders on ferociouſneſs; but it will be found a matter of extreme difficulty (though by no means impracticable) to train and diſcipline them.

The convulſions produced by the temporary ſubverſion of this monarchy have not yet ſubſided; many ſevere, but neceſſary examples have been made, without diſtinction of rank or perſons: but it will require ſome time to complete the re-eſtabliſhment of order, and wholly to ſuppreſs the revolutionary ſpirit.

In other parts of Italy, the expulſion of the French has been productive of one happy effect, diſtinct from its more immediate advantages—the general manifeſtation of a rooted abhorrence not only of their conduct, but of their principles. All theſe favoured ſons of liberty, reſtored to their primitive *rights* by her grand apoſtle Buonaparte, have ungratefully rebelled againſt their patron and their benefactor, have ſpontaneouſly rejected his invaluable gifts, and, degraded men! now hug the ſhackles of *deſpotiſm* with which their *tyrants* have once more loaded them!—The Tuſcan and Piedmonteſe peaſantry have particularly evinced their zeal in revenging, on their ſanguinary invaders, the numerous acts of cruelty and oppreſſion to which they had been ſo long expoſed.—The former greatly harraſſed Macdonald in his retreat; and the latter have been engaged in ſtill more active operations. They once carried the town of Mondovi by aſſault; and we learn, from the laſt advices from Lord Bentinck, that they have formed themſelves into a regular corps, 15,000 ſtrong, and, headed by a monk, (never ſurely was religious zeal exerted in a better temporal cauſe,) are active and forward in every kind of ſervice. This diſplay of principle, among the people of Italy, is a moſt ſatisfactory circumſtance of itſelf; and, in a relative point of view, it is of material conſequence, as it will be neceſſary to have a much ſmaller number of regular troops, for the defence of the country, and of courſe will enable the Imperialiſts to employ a much greater force in other quarters.

The King of Sardinia has not yet been formally reſtored to his throne, nor has he returned to his capital; but the delay is ſolely occaſioned by the ſituation of his territories, a part of which is ſtill occupied by the enemy. Meantime the meaſures purſued for embodying a formidable force in his kingdom are rendered effectual by the approbation and ſanction of his Majeſty.—On the whole, Italy affords a proſpect which, contraſted with its ſituation at the beginning of

the

the preſent year, is as light to darkneſs.—Its means of defence are in a progreſſive ſtate of augmentation, which, combined with the advantages of every kind derived from experience, will enable it to preſent a more formidable barrier againſt future invaſions than any which it has hitherto oppoſed, from the days of Charles the VIIIth of France to the preſent time.

PRUSSIA.

Here we behold a Monarch placed in the moſt enviable of all ſituations, in a ſituation which enables him, by a proper exertion of his internal reſources, to give to Europe a ſpeedy and a permanent peace. But, with a mind either warped by the moſt ſelfiſh and unworthy paſſions, or perverted by the infuſion of Jacobinical principles, he refuſes to exert the means which Providence has entruſted to him, and obſtinately adheres to the *philanthropic* reſolution of prolonging to an indefinite period the troubles of Europe, rather than engage in a war which, notwithſtanding his pretext, could only affect his army and his purſe. From a diſpoſition thus perverſe, nothing noble, nothing magnanimous, nothing praiſe-worthy, can be expected. It remains for the page of hiſtory to do juſtice to the crowned aſſociate of regicides, and to appreciate thoſe mean ſubterfuges, which would give to a dereliction of principle the ſemblance of policy and prudence.

SPAIN.

This country may almoſt be conſidered as a blank in the political map of Europe. The Sovereign is reduced to the loweſt pitch of human degradation, by his cloſe alliance with, and implicit obedience to, the aſſaſſins of his family. The blind tool, the paſſive inſtrument, of the French rulers, whether Directors, Conſuls, or Dictators, whatever reſources a country without commerce, relying for ſupport on the produce of its colonies, intercepted by the ſuperior fleets of its enemy, and with a people highly and juſtly diſcontented with the proceedings of the government may be ſuppoſed to poſſeſs, will be ſubject to the abſolute diſpoſal of the French.

PORTUGAL.

The Portugueſe government are well diſpoſed to ſecond the operations of the allies, but, from the ſituation of that kingdom, it muſt rather be conſidered as likely to diminiſh the general force, by requiring foreign troops to defend it from invaſion.

IRISH BULL.

A Clergyman lately reading the funeral ſervice over a corpſe, when he came to the words "this is our brother," forgot whether the deceaſed had been man or woman. Turning, therefore, to one of the mourners, who happened to be an Hibernian, he aſked him, "Is this a *brother* or a *ſiſter?*" "Neither one nor the other," replied Pat, "it was only an *acquaintance.*"

An ANAGRAM, *by C. N. of the Royal Miners.*

A Rebuff, if tranſpos'd aright,
A Scripture name 'twill bring to ſight.

An ENIGMA, *by Recluſe, of Yeovil.*

WHEN great Jehovah form'd this world
By his creative power,
He gloomy darkneſs from it hurl'd,
Then chaos ceas'd to lour.

In Eden plac'd, my reign began,
I deck'd its fragrant flowers;
And added to the joys of man
Amid its lovely bowers.

I'm of no ſhape, no form, nor hue,
Throughout the ſkies I run;
I'm crimſon, yellow, purple, blue,
All ſhades beneath the ſun.

I ſerve the greateſt kings on earth,
With ſlaves do not abound:
I often cauſe the greateſt mirth,
When at your table found.

I'm found in ſound, waft thro' the air,
In ev'ry place am ſeen;
With flutt'ring beaus at court appear,
And grace the rural green.

Beauty's betrayer I have been,
Ruin my love attends;
At balls and plays I'm always ſeen,
Which much the muſic mends.

POETRY.

The PASSAGE *of the* MOUNTAIN *of* ST. GOTHARD.

By GEORGIANA, DUCHESS *of* DEVONSHIRE.

TO MY CHILDREN.

YE plains, where three-fold harveſts preſs the ground,
Ye climes, where genial gales inceſſant ſwell,
Where art and nature ſhed profuſely round
Their rival wonders— Italy, farewell!

Still may thy year in fulleſt ſplendour ſhine!
Its icy darts in vain may winter throw!
To thee a parent, ſiſter*, I conſign,
And wing'd with health, I woo thy gales to blow.

Yet pleas'd, Helvetia's rugged brows I ſee,
And thro' their craggy ſteeps delighted roam;
Pleas'd with a people, honeſt, brave, and free,
Whilſt every ſtep conducts me nearer home.

I wander where Teſino madly flows,
From cliff to cliff in foaming eddies toſt;
On the rude mountain's barren breaſt he roſe,
And Po's broad wave now hurries to be loſt.

His ſhores, neat huts, with verdant paſtures fill,
And hills, where woods of pine the ſtorm defy;
While, ſcorning vegetation, higher ſtill,
Riſe the bare rocks, co-eval with the ſky.

Upon his banks a favour'd ſpot I found,
Where ſhade and beauty tempted to repoſe;
Within a grove, by mountains circled round,
By rocks o'erhung, my ruſtick ſeat I choſe.

Advancing thence, by gentle pace and ſlow,
Unconſcious of the way my footſteps preſs'd,
Sudden, ſupported by the hills below,
St. Gothard's ſummit roſe above the reſt.

'Midſt towering cliffs, and tracts of endleſs cold,
Th' induſtrious path pervades the rugged ſtone,
And ſeems—Helvetia let thy toils be told—
A granite girdle o'er the mountain thrown.

No haunt of man the weary traveller greets,
No vegetation ſmiles upon the moor,
Save

* Lady Spencer and Lady Beſborough, whom the Ducheſs parted from in Italy, in Auguſt, 1793.

Save where the floweret breathes uncultured ſweets,
Save where the patient monk† receives the poor.

Yet let not theſe rude paths be coldly trac'd,
Let not theſe wilds with lifeleſs ſteps be trod,
Here fragrance ſcorns not to perfume the waſte,
Here charity uplifts the mind to God.

His humble board the holy man prepares,
And ſimple food, and wholeſome lore beſtows,
Extols the treaſures that his mountain bears,
And paints the perils of impending ſnows.

For whilſt bleak winter numbs with chilling hand,
Where frequent croſſes‖ mark the traveller's fate,
In ſlow proceſſion moves the merchant band,
And ſilent bends, where tottering ruins wait.

Yet, 'midſt theſe ridges, 'midſt that drifted ſnow,
Can nature deign her wonders to diſplay?
Here Adularia ſhines with vivid glow,
And gems of chryſtal ſparkle to the day.

Here too, the hoary mountain's brow to grace,
Five ſilver lakes, in tranquil ſtate are ſeen;
While from their waters, many a ſtream we trace,
That, 'ſcap'd from bondage, rolls the rocks between.

Here flows the Reuſs to ſeek her wedded love,
And, with the Rhine, Germanick climes explore;
Her ſtream I mark'd, and ſaw her wildly move,
Down the bleak mountain, thro' the craggy ſhore.

My weary footſteps hop'd for reſt in vain,
For ſteep on ſteep, in rude confuſion roſe;
At length I paus'd above a fertile plain,
That promis'd ſhelter, and foretold repoſe.

Fair runs the ſtreamlet o'er the paſture green,
Its margin gay, with flocks and cattle ſpread;
Embowering trees the peaceful village ſcreen,
And guard from ſnow each dwelling's jutting ſhed.

Sweet vale!* whoſe boſom waſtes and cliffs ſurround,
Let me awhile thy friendly ſhelter ſhare!
Emblem of life! where ſome bright hours are found
Amidſt the darkeſt, drearieſt years of care.

Delv'd thro' the rock, the ſecret paſſage bends,
And beauteous horror ſtrikes the dazzled ſight;
Beneath the pendent bridge the ſtream deſcends,
Calm—till it tumbles o'er the frowning height.

We view the fearful paſs; we wind along
The path that marks the terrors of our way;

'Midſt

† There is a ſmall convent at the top of the mountain, where two monks reſide, who are obliged to receive and entertain the poor traveller who paſſes that way.
‖ When any lives have been loſt from the falls of ſnow, a ſmall croſs is erected.
* The Valley of Urſera, celebrated for its fertility and verdure.

'Midſt beetling rocks, and hanging woods among,
The torrent pours, and breathes its glittering ſpray.

Weary at length ſerener ſcenes we hail—
More cultur'd groves o'erſhade the graſſy meads,
The neat, tho' wooden hamlets, deck the vale,
And Altorf's ſpires recall heroick deeds.

But tho' no more amidſt thoſe ſcenes I roam,
My fancy long each image ſhall retain;
The flock returning to its welcome home,
And the wild carol of the cowherd's ſtrain.

Lucernia's lake its glaſſy ſurface ſhews,
Whilſt nature's varied beauties deck its ſide;
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves incloſe,
And there its ſpreading boſom opens wide.

And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-ſtrung arm, that firſt preſerv'd his child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

Acroſs the lake, and deep embower'd in wood,
Behold another hallow'd chapel ſtand,
Where three Swiſs heroes lawleſs force withſtood,
And ſtamp'd the freedom of their native land.

Their liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,
No blood demanded, and no ſlaves enchain'd;
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was truth,
By ſocial order form'd, by laws reſtrain'd.

We quit the lake, and cultivation's toil,
With nature's charms combin'd, adorns the way,
And well-earn'd wealth improves the ready ſoil,
And ſimple manners ſtill maintain their ſway.

Farewell, Helvetia! from whoſe lofty breaſt,
Proud Alps ariſe, and copious rivers flow;
Where, ſource of ſtreams, eternal glaciers reſt,
And peaceful ſcience gilds the plains below.

Oft on thy rocks the wond'ring eye ſhall gaze,
Thy vallies oft the raptur'd boſom ſeek;
There, nature's hand her boldeſt work diſplays,
Here, bliſs domeſtick beams on every cheek:

Hope of my life: Dear children of my heart!
That anxious heart to each fond feeling true,
To you ſtill pants each pleaſure to impart,
And more, Oh tranſport! reach its *home* and *you*.

EPIGRAM.

HIS laſt great debt is paid, poor Tom's no more;
Laſt debt! Tom never paid a debt before.